

Poetry.**Rules of the Road.**

BY JOHN DIXIE O'LEARY.

What man would be wise in him drink of the river?
That beam in his window the record of time;
A message from him every year can deliver,
To teach him to sleep till he knows how to dream.

What birds have no experience trust him not; tell him.

The scope of one mind can times achieve;

The weakest who draw from the mind will exceed him.

The strength of mankind is the wisdom they have.

For peace do not hope; to be just you must break it;

Wait for the minute and not for the hour.

What honor comes to you ready to take it,

Not reach not to seize it before it is near.

Be silent and safe; please never betrays you,

Be true to your word and your work and your friends.

Fut least trust in him who is foremost to praise you;

No judge of a day till it draws to an end.

Stand erect in the vane, nor exalt from the pedestal;

Take splits with a sigh; wait men grieve to be paid.

"I had a heartache; 'tis love is a fountain;

You're worth what you save; not the jewel

Honors you made.

True to yourself, or your plans will miscarry.

Your wife keep a sweetheart, instead of a

Wife children by reason, not rod; and, indeed, marry.

Your girl when you can, and your boy when you please.

Bear straight as the wind will allow, but be ready.

To wear just a point to let travelers pass;

Each day in the sun—such a course is too wise.

When this is to meet going, that come to me.

Our stream's not so wide but two arches may span it—

Good neighbor and citizen; there for a code,

And this train in sight—every man on the planet.

Ham just as much right as yourself to the road.

Selected Tale.**THE COLONEL'S ROMANCE.**

No one who saw Colonel Alured Turner stepping jauntily down St. James street on a summer morning could fail to observe that the little gentleman was on very good terms with himself. And, indeed, the Colonel had everything that makes life worth living. He was just fifty; his liver and his digestion were in good condition; he had a charming set of rooms in Piccadilly overlooking the Green Park; his soldier servant was absolutely irreproachable.

On this morning, the Colonel on turning over his letters came upon an oblong plain envelope adorned with a gilt monogram, and addressed in a nervous feminine hand. As no present-meet warned him of the terrible consequences about to spring from that innocent looking note, he smiled, for he recognized his sister-in-law's handwriting, and guessed that she was making some belligerent appeal to his knowledge of the world. He opened the pink envelope with the handle of a fork, as was his wont, and read an impioned summons to call on the writer that afternoon (doubtfully underlined), and remained his very affectionate Selina Turner.

About half-past four the Colonel, having enjoyed his after-luncheon cigar and doze, strolled a round and trimly groomed figure, toward his sister-in-law's house.

"Oh, Alured," she exclaimed, as soon as she had ascertained that the servant had quite shut the door, "I am in such distress! That wretched boy of mine!"

"Well, well, Selina," said the Colonel, "what has he done? Don't give way."

"Oh, but how dreadful it is! Only think, Alured, he's going to be married."

"What?" said the Colonel, taking his goldrimmed eyeglass out of his eye in magisterial fashion. "The young dog! Why, he's not twenty-one yet!"

"No; and that makes it all the worse."

"Oh, I'm sure he's been caught by one of those designing scoundrels who are always on the lookout for very young men!"

"And where is this precious scapegrace of yours?"

"At Bognor. He went there for a few days last month, and has stayed there ever since. I wondered what was the attraction, and now I know. It's very hard."

"It is," assented the Colonel ruefully for he saw that this meant a journey to Bognor for him, and the desertion of London at its best. "And so he's going to be married?"

"So he says."

"And who is she?"

"I don't know; except that he declares she is the most beautiful woman in the world, and that he loves her. I think she must be older than he is."

"That, my dear Selina, goes without saying. Boys of twenty never have violent passions for a woman under thirty. She is older than he is and cleverer. And where is the young rascal now?"

"Here is his letter, Alured. You had better take it. Heaven knows there is nothing private in it."

The Colonel had got his marching orders; so he rose to go, but with a heavy heart, for London in the season was the breath of life to him, while Bognor and a lovesick nephew in June were by no means to his liking.

He was a simple, straightforward soul, with a great affection for his late brother's widow and her only son, and never thought of hesitating or delaying when his services were needed on their behalf; but for all that, he felt very like a schoolboy whose holidays are drawing to a close. He told the incomparable Wilks while dressing for dinner that they must start for Bognor the first thing the following morning, and then resigned all responsibility. By the time his master returned from the club to bed, Wilks had made every preparation, had chosen the train and hotel, and arranged for the forwarding of all the letters.

Personally conducted by Wilks, Colonel Turner arrived at the hotel selected for him in time for a late lunch, and then strolled out along the Chichester road to concoct a method of approaching the enemy, while Wilks went out to reconnoitre.

After dinner he established himself on a deck-chair in the veranda, and, reverently lighting a Trichinopoly, abolished all thoughts of his nephew, and gave himself up to a lazy contemplation of the effect of the moonlight on the sea. But he was little more than half way through with his first cigar when Wilks marched up, saluted, and came to attention. The Colonel was a little short of breath, especially after dinner, so he merely nodded his head and said: "Well."

"Mr. Charles is at the Porpoise, sir."

"Anybody with him?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't see you, did he?"

"No, sir."

The Colonel paused to think over the news. This Trichinopoly was three quarters gone; so he hurried the stamp into the darkness and watched it turn over and over on the gravel, emitting a

shower of spark like a squib. Then he carefully lit another cigar, and, with a deep sigh—for he loved his ease—said: "Call me at 8 tomorrow, Wilks. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Next morning Colonel Turner put his poor little plan into action. Soon after breakfast, therefore, he appeared on the parade with his peasant leather boots and goldrimmed eyeglass fastening in the morning sun, and took up his position on a seat which commanded, but not too ostentatiously, the main entrance to the Porpoise. He had not long to wait. Hobson became aware that his nephew was in the hall of the Porpoise, giving orders to the porter; and so he strolled and strolled gently toward the place, rightly judging that Charles would not turn to the left and go toward the outskirts of the town, so early in the day. In a few moments the Colonel turned short around and retraced his steps, and then uncle and nephew met face to face.

"Hello, uncle."

"Hello, Charles. What are you doing down here?"

"Oh, I'm—well, I'm staying here, don't you know?"

"My fault?" cried Charles, with a sardonic smile, in which he succeeded in blinding sarcasm, lofty pride and blighted hopes—"my fault? It is yours, husband, and his?" turning suddenly on his uncle, who had been sitting all through the interview on the extreme edge of his chair.

Colonel Turner was horribly annoyed at his nephew's proceedings. He detested a scene, and was disgusted to find such a lamentable want of good taste in his brother's son. He wriggled a little nearer the edge of his chair, screwed his eyeglass more firmly into his eye, and began: "Really, Charles—"

"Till he came," went on the lover, unheeding, "I was all in all to you. I loved you as man never loved woman before, and you knew it!"

"Charles," said the widow, who was beginning to get angry, for she thought the young man had been drinking, "will you kindly leave off this nonsense, and behave like a rational being? I think we had better defer conversation until you have got over your present state?" And she turned her back on him in the most stately fashion.

Charles flushed to the roots of his fair hair. "This is not a subject for chaff," he said indignantly; "when a fellow's awfully in love he's—well, he's awfully gone, you know."

"My dear boy," said the philosophic uncle, laying his hand upon his nephew's shoulder, "take my advice: Have as many love affairs as you like, but don't think of marrying until you are thirty."

"Ah, that is all very fine for you," replied Charles, somewhat mollified; "but I've nearly ten beastly years to live!"

"Ten very excellent years," said the Colonel sententiously; "mind you do not waste them."

For a short time there was silence and a feeling of constraint between the two, and then Charles said suddenly, in a tone of suppressed emotion: "Uncle Alured, there she is. I want you to know her, and she has often asked me to introduce you. Come along."

The Colonel looked, and saw a tall, trim-waisted figure coming out of the parades with a light springy step. He felt that the crisis had arrived, so he threw himself on the ground at her feet.

"Mrs. Marshall! Georgiana! You know—you must have seen that I love you, and that I hope to make you my wife!"

"My dear boy," said the widow, who was taken aback that she had been drinking, "will you kindly leave off this nonsense, and behave like a rational being? I think we had better defer conversation until you have got over your present state?" And she turned her back on him in the most stately fashion.

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"My dear boy," said the Colonel; do not distress yourself on my account. The lady I am going to marry is my first and only love!"

Charles glared wildly at the pair, and then, with all the tragedy oozing out of him, rushed inconfidently from the room.

Three days later the Colonel again entered his sister-in-law's dining-room, and was received with effusion.

"Oh, Alured!" cried she, how can I thank you? I know you have routed this woman, for Charles appeared here in a furious state last Tuesday, and has now gone yachting with a man he hates. How did you manage it?"

"There was but one way, Selina."

"And that was?"

"To marry her myself!"

"Oh, Alured," cried the mother, sinking into a chair, "what a sacrifice and for me! How can I repay you?"

The Colonel smiled, perhaps a little sadly. "Surely I am in debt to you."

"And you were so faithful to your first love! Oh, Alured, could you not get off?"

"Selina," said the Colonel; do not distress yourself on my account. The lady I am going to marry is my first and only love!"

Charles fell in by her side with a very sulky expression of countenance, and the three walked on together. It was wonderful what a number of reminiscences Mrs. Marshall and the Colonel had in common. They talked about persons whom Charles had never heard, and of things that happened before he was born, and irritated him extremely by taking it as a matter of course that the beginning of all things worth mentioning did not coincide with his appearance in this world. At last his temper got the better of him. He halted, raised his hat stiffly, and held out his hand to say "Good-by," but the dignity of his attitude was rather spoiled by the fact that neither of his companions noticed his intention, so that he had to follow them in hat and hand.

The Colonel at once saw how matters stood, and promptly took advantage of the position. He apologized for absorbing so much of Mrs. Marshall's valuable time, told her how charming he was to meet her again, and trusted that he might have permission to call upon her. In spite of Mrs. Marshall's protestations, the little Colonel departed, polite and smiling, promising to call on the following day, and leaving Charles sulky and scowling and ill-used, to conclude the prosaic with what grace he might.

Colonel Turner was as good as his word. He called on Mrs. Marshall the next day, and on several following days, until at last Charles wrathfully discovered that youth was being distanced by middle age, and that he was being routed on his own ground by the wiles whose airs and graces he despised.

One evening when he called on Mrs. Marshall, after having been unable to see her all day, he was told that she was at home but engaged.

The pretty maid seemed very unwilling to admit him, but under the influence of five shillings she decided to risk it and to show him upstairs. As he expected, he found Mrs. Marshall and his own quite content with their own company. He accepted their greetings very stiffly, and refused to be seated, for tragedy and a low, soft-cushioned armchair are incongruous things. So he remained standing, and steadfastly ignored his uncle.

"You did not expect me this evening, by the way."

"No, Charles," said the widow. "You never told me you were coming in; but you are always welcome."

"I was," returned Charles, "until a week ago; but now—"

His voice failed

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Exploits of a Crow.

"When this region was nearly all woods sixty years ago," said an old resident of Bell Meadow, "I picked a young crow out of the mud in Tamrac swamp, where he had tumbled out of the nest before he was old enough to fly. I named him Abe and taught him, as he developed into the brightest bird I ever saw, like all tame crows, to imitate words and sing. He could speak a dozen words, and begin to sing when he was only a week old."

"I do not understand you, Charles."

"I am afraid you will not; but there must be an understanding between us."

"Please explain yourself."

"I will," replied Charles, rejoicing in his own ignorance, and beginning to enjoy his sufferings, for at twenty it is occasionally pleasurable anguish to place one's finer feelings on the rack, especially before an audience that takes matters seriously and does not just sit at the martyrdom. "A few weeks ago I was always with you. You were always glad to see me, and never said you were not at home."

"Very true."

"And now?"

"Am I any less glad to see you?"

"Am I with you as often as I was? Do I see you as often as I did?"

"I really don't know," said the widow, looking with a puzzled air at her vehement admirer; "but if you do not whose fault is it but your own?"

"My fault?" cried Charles, with a sardonic smile, in which he succeeded in blinding sarcasm, lofty pride and blighted hopes—"my fault? It is yours, husband, and his?" turning suddenly on his uncle, who had been sitting all through the interview on the extreme edge of his chair.

Colonel Turner was horribly annoyed at his nephew's proceedings. He detested a scene, and was disgusted to find such a lamentable want of good taste in his brother's son. He wriggled a little nearer the edge of his chair, screwed his eyeglass more firmly into his eye, and began: "Really, Charles—"

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The Mercury.

JAMES F. ALBRECHT, Editor and Proprietor

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893.

To-day is the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill and Bostonians are celebrating the event.

If there is any truth in the old saw that "a bad beginning makes a good ending" the new crop of Navvies may be expected to win laurels from British workers yet.

John Corcoran, the suspected murderer of the Manchester girl in Fall River, is still in custody. His countrymen, many of whom believe that he will be able to prove an alibi, have applied to Vice Consul de Cois at Boston to see that the prisoner's rights are protected.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett was accidentally thrown from a coach in Paris last week. The first news that reached here was to the effect that Mr. Bennett was seriously if not fatally injured, but this, happily, was soon denied, and the gentleman is now said to be convalescent.

All the old buildings in Washington that are in any way occupied by the government are of course now being inspected, but unless the Inspector's verdict be headed of what benefit will be the inspection? The old Ford theatre, which collapsed with such awful results last week, had been inspected and condemned.

The so-called House of Representatives has held its meetings in the District Court Room at the State House this week the same as last and with similar results. No interest is apparently taken in these gatherings now and the attendance is generally limited to the Newport members and the numerous sergeants-at-arms.

At the present rate of progress the question as to the opening of the World's Fair on Sundays will not be definitely settled until along about the time for closing up for good. But as the grounds will be opened until it is settled the stockholders and others interested in the Sunday business will probably attain their object.

According to fairly trustworthy authority the stocks listed on the New York exchange have depreciated during the year past to the extent of seven hundred million dollars. This depreciation is generally attributed almost wholly to the effects of the silver purchase law. Much of it is certainly due to the law. A more ridiculous piece of demagogic legislation never was enacted. It would be worthy of a Congress made up wholly of Populists of the Jewell-Mug stamp.

Thames street has been widened. The Parmenter building, the last of the three to be moved back, was placed upon the new line Thursday, and the road bed, from Lopez wharf to Wanton avenue, has been given the additional width of four feet. This additional width of the roadbed, with the buildings all on a line, gives to this 600 foot section of Thames street an improvement which our down-town and up-town neighbors are already taking steps to follow.

The second week of the Borden trial at New Bedford will close with to-day, and yet the startling proofs of guilt promised by the prosecution at the opening are not forthcoming. On the other hand the defense has been greatly strengthened by the contradictory testimony of government witnesses and on Monday scored a signal victory in the decision of the Superior Court Justices excluding the testimony given by the prisoner at the inquest; which decision, too, was a severe rebuke to the methods practiced by those in charge of the early investigations of the awful crime.

Our mild criticisms of the Democratic party management last week were made the subject for a half-column editorial in Monday morning's Herald, while the following interesting comments upon the appointment of Hon. Charles E. Gorman to the District Attorneyship, which appeared in the State's Democratic organ, The Providence Telegram, was apparently passed unnoticed:

While nothing can be said against the appointment on the ground of the ability of the appointee, considerable criticism is made on the manner in which the appointment was worked.

It has been understood since President Cleveland's inauguration that the recommendations of the democratic state central committee of the various states would have great influence in the settlement of appointments. Senator Champin's friends, relying upon this, secured for him the emphatic and unqualified endorsement of the democratic state central committee of this state, the democratic congressmen, nearly all of the prominent democratic leaders, Chief Justice Matteson, Assistant Secretary of the Navy McAdoo, Consul-General Collins and several other democrats of national reputation, but apparently all these endorsements were not powerful enough to prevail against the secret influence of Mr. Samuel R. Hoey, who thinks he can best serve his United States senatorial prospects for next year by injuring the men in the democratic party who refuse to submit to his dictation.

In this connection it might be mentioned that some of Mr. David Baker's friends and admirers claim that had it not been for this senatorial ambition of Hoey's a grand committee might have been secured at Newark which would have been favorable to Mr. Baker's election as governor. The contention is that Mr. Hoey desired to hold Mr. Baker off from the governorship until next year in order to choke off any effort that might be made by Mr. Baker's friends to place him in nomination for the senatorship.

How much or little truth there is in all these stories we do not presume to say, but one thing is apparent and that is that the manner and methods of Mr. Hoey are creating intense dissatisfaction in the Democratic party.

THE MERCURY.
Its Origin—Its Publishers and Locations During Its One Hundred and Thirty-Five Years of Existence.

proved designs, and an electric motor. These, with the various new sorts of type which are being constantly added, render the office one of the best equipped printing establishments in the state today.

The first office of publication was in the building standing upon the site of Chas. E. Stern's store on the Parade. From there it was moved to the Breyer building on Long wharf. Here there was a reading room connected with the office which was a place of resort of Commodore Oliver H. Perry and his associates. The next location was in the building on Thames street opposite the Cox estate, where it remained for thirty-five years. From this building the Mercury was moved to a building on Champin's wharf, from there it was moved to the Voss building, then standing at the corner of Ferry Wharf, next to Caswell, May & Co's drug store. Thence it was moved to the Gas Company's building, where it remained a little over four years, after which it was removed to the Newton building at the corner of Thames and Pelham streets. Here the paper was published until 1880, in which year the present proprietor purchased the old Marsh estate, so called, and erected its present home, the Mercury Building.

For Our New Navy.

The first United States man-of-war launched under the administration of Secretary Herbert still gracefully from her big wooden cradle at the shipyard of the Grampus into the waters of the Delaware on Saturday. Her sister ship, the Indiana, was launched from the same yards about six months ago and is fast nearing completion, while still another sister, the Oregon, will enter the water before long from her dock in San Francisco. All three will be battleships and each will be a ten-thousand-tonner.

The contracts of the three were let by Secretary Tracy. Each will represent a cost of more than three million dollars. The Massachusetts has a length of 318 feet, a breadth of sixty-nine and one-quarter, and a mean draught of twenty-four, giving her a displacement of 10,000 tons. Her draught is suited for some of our shallower harbors, and yet she can take the sea in all weathers. She need not fear to meet in battle any vessel that floats. Her big guns are as large as she needs for piercing the armor of any adversary yet constructed, and they are so mounted that their fire does not interfere with each other. The sides and deck have also been strengthened so that these heavy guns will not unduly strain them. The chief characteristics of the Massachusetts, as of the Oregon and the Indiana, are the thick armor and enormous battery power. She is literally encased and sheathed from stem to stern in a thick plating of steel and can withstand a tremendous fire of the most powerful guns. The aggressive power of the Massachusetts is enormous. She can throw at a single discharge six thousand, eight hundred pounds of projectiles, or more than three tons, with a total energy of two hundred and ten thousand foot tons. Secretary Tracy has given this description of the main battery of the Massachusetts and her mates:

"The battery of the battleships is the heaviest and most effective in battle carried to-day by any ship afloat or projected, and its disposition is such as to make it tell with terrific effect. Above the armored deck, 80 feet from the centre of the ship, rise two redoubts, inclosing the foundations of revolving turrets within which are the four great 13-inch rifles, 18 feet above the water, and sweeping through a clear arc of 210 degrees, forward and aft and on both broadsides. Above these on the superstructure above the turrets, 25 feet above the water line, and therefore capable of firing over the turrets, are eight 5-inch guns that at two miles can pierce the armor of any modern ship. Four 6-inch guns complete the main armament."

Even these six-inch guns are protected by five inches of armor. The secondary battery includes twenty-six pounder and four one-pounder rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings, so disposed as to discharge hundreds of projectiles every minute upon torpedo boats or other craft that may attack her. The Massachusetts has six torpedo tubes, one at the bow, one at the stern and two on each broadside, and these are for eighteen-inch Whiteheads, each carrying two hundred and fifty pounds of a high explosive. It may be said that the projectile of the thirteen-inch gun can perforate twenty-two inches of steel at the distance of one mile. Taking together their offensive and defensive power, not only are the Massachusetts and her mates the principal element of naval protection that we now have, but Secretary Tracy felt justified in declaring, soon after they were begun, that "their equal as fighting ships does not exist at the present day. They will never have occasion to run from a hostile fleet of equal or even slightly superior numbers, whatever the result of which fleet is composed."

In the expressive idiom of the street, Uncle Sam is "getting there" as a sailor in blue clothes.

Charles B. Wooley, postmaster at Long Branch for the past three years, has departed for parts unknown. An inspection of his accounts shows a shortage of over \$200. Mrs. Wooley, it is understood, has offered her real estate to protect her husband's bondsman, who qualified for \$10,000.

Five persons, three men, a woman and a child, lost their lives on the Seacaguado river, in Buffalo, N. Y., during the heavy gale which swept over that locality on Sunday afternoon.

Rocco Damato, an Italian tramp-laborer, was found dead in his book at Attleboro Saturday morning. He is supposed to have died from natural causes.

Ex-President Harrison will spend

WASHINGTON MATTERS.
Last Week's Awful Accidents—Ford's Old Theatre and Its Murray—Other Buildings Expended—President Cleveland to be Examined—Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 11, 1893.

There's a curse upon the building ever since within its walls the great Lincoln was stricken down by the cow, and it remains, and if I had my way it should be entirely demolished and the ground be forever left untenanted upon. There stands an old man, standing in front of Ford's old theatre, who had witnessed the assassination of Lincoln and who also saw some of the harrowing and heart-rending scenes which followed the collapse of the floors of the same building, last Friday, causing the death of twenty-two and the injury of sixty-eight employees of the Surgeon-General's office. It seems incredible, but it is nevertheless strictly true, that nearly 600 men should have been compelled to work in this building, which as long ago as 1860 had been condemned as unfit for use and unsafe; and the knowledge that there are a number of other buildings occupied by the government that are no better but odds to the horror felt by the people of Washington at the awful and needless slaughter of human beings. Money has been freely contributed by our people, for the families of the dead and wounded, and an army court of Inquiry is engaged in locating the personal responsibility, likewise a coroner's jury; but it is clear where neither of them can reach—in Congress, which has repeatedly refused to provide proper quarters for these and hundreds of other government employees. A similar accident is liable to occur any day at the Government Printing Office, a building known to be unsafe and yet daily occupied by nearly 300 men and women; and the Winder building, occupied by a branch of the War Department has also long been in an unsafe condition, likewise a portion of the Patent Office and an annex to the Post Office Department. Perhaps this terrible disaster will have the effect of awakening Congress to its duty in providing safe and proper quarters for the employees of the government. If it doesn't one far more terrible will certainly occur some day.

Mr. Cleveland is the first President since Buchanan to publicly plead the habeas act, and the sight is humiliating to every man who admires pluck and bravery, and all Americans do. Instead of making use of the means provided by wise republican legislation years ago for such contingencies, to relieve the financial distress, he says in effect: "I didn't make this financial stringency and I will take no step towards relieving it, unless expressly authorized by Congress, which is responsible, so to do." Nice language that, for a President, isn't it? Please understand that there is no politics in this question; it is strictly one of business, and republicans are ready and willing to support and uphold the President by any and every effort he might make to relieve the country, but it is difficult to see how any man can uphold him in pleading the habeas act. That neither he nor his Secretary of the Treasury are financiers is already well known, but they might at least have been wise enough to have taken advantage of the safeguards provided by law, instead of leaving the country to drift until Congress meets. Mr. Cleveland is apparently as blinded by his anxiety to compel the repeal of the Sherman silver law that he can see nothing else, and his blindness is little short of a public misfortune.

Now that those eminent free traders, David A. Wells, and Edward Atkinson, have succeeded in naming the chief of the Bureau of Statistics—Worthington Ford, of New York—it is to be hoped that they will not insist upon having the statistics prepared by that bureau doctored so as to make arguments in favor of free trade, but it is probably too much to hope from such sources.

A large force of pension examiners are to go over the papers in every pension granted under the act of 1890, for the avowed purpose of discovering how many of these pensioners can be dropped under Secretary Smith's recent ruling as to a portion of that law. Another purpose will thus be accomplished that is not avowed, but which is thoroughly understood here: the number of original pensions granted will necessarily be considerably lessened while these examiners are putting in all their time going over old cases.

Mr. Cleveland doesn't turn down all the democrats who have spoken slightly of him—if he did the ingénue would get all the offices. Mr. Jacob F. Child, of Missouri, who was minister to Spain, "when Cleveland was born earth before," as Colonel Cockrell irreverently speaks of Cleveland's first administration has been appointed counsel to Hackworth, China. Mr. Child spoke his opinion very freely of the President during the first week of the administration, on account of the "ex" rule, which by the way, has been broken so often that nobody any more even thinks of it, and remarked of him publicly the day he left Washington for Missouri: "I helped to place the laurel on his brow, and I'll be here again to lay the lily upon his bier."

An exceptionally severe thunder storm prevailed throughout the Adirondack region last Sunday. Much damage was done by the hailstones and several houses were struck by lightning and burned.

Edward A. Moore of Boston, a medical student, was drowned at Ipswich Bay Sunday by the capsizing of a boat Alfred Augustus, a companion, was rescued.

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If you are in want of a Mower try the Deering Giant, it has stood the test for several years. It has outlived all mowers that have been offered here against it. It is light running, no side draft. It has a frame that will hold its bar without trembling. Call and examine.

The Thomas Hay Tedder,
The Royal Self-Dump Rake,
The Gazelle Self-Operating Sulky Rake.

The I. X. L.

Knife and Sickle Grinder,

The easiest, simplest and most practical method ever invented for dressing and grinding mowing machines and harvester knives and sickles.

A. A. BARKER,

162 & 164 BROADWAY.

Cobb's Borax Soap.

TWO BARS OF Cobb's Borax and one of Complexion Soap, for 25c, for a short time; regular price 45c.

WE HAVE THE

FRANKLIN MILLS Entire Wheat Flour, Wheatlet and Burnett's Extracts

IN STOCK ALL THE TIME.

Don't forget that we are Headquarters on BANANAS.

WING & THOMPSON, 172 & 176 B'way, Lake's Korner

Schreier's

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,

143 THAMES STREET,

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WHAT THEN?

Why, Great Bargains at

SCHREIER'S

Queen Anne

Millinery Establishment,

143 THAMES STREET.

GREAT VARIETY

Trimmed Hats.

LEIGHORN HATS for Infants, Misses and Ladies.

SAILORS, in Pine Apple Straw and Milan.

New Novelties in Flowers. The Leading House, Exclusive Millinery. Lowest prices.

No. 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356,

Give her a watch;

a good watch, a handsome one—but don't "go broke" over it. Fourteen-karat gold, filled, or coin-silver, elegantly engraved; enamel dial in modern Arabic numerals; jeweled works; stem-set and stem-winding. A gem to look at and a perfect time-keeper. It looks like a hundred-dollar watch; any one can take genuine pride in its looks and its behavior. The new, perfected, quick-winding "Waterbury" (\$4 to \$15).

No cheap Swiss watch can compare with it. You can get it in many different styles.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Saturday, June 10.

Fifty Australian villages have been flooded. Two Russian cruisers have arrived at New York.—The Manitoba Northwestern road is in a receiver's hands.—Two fresh cases of cholera are reported at Toulon, France.—Gladstone has refused to帝 to force the home rule bill.—The Prince Ferdinand must be removed from the Balkan throne before Russia will treat with Austria-Hungary.—The Massachusetts legislature was protracted by Governor Titus after a session of 110 days.—Twenty-two persons are known to have been killed and nearly 50 injured by the collapse of the old Ford Theatre building at Washington.—The legal fight over Sunday openings of the World's Fair continues.—A bloody battle took place between strikers and workmen at Homeo, Ill.; several were killed and injured.—The will of Gen. Hancock's widow has been filed for probate.—Ex-Governor Robinson secured several telling points in the Borden trial and the case for his defense has been materially strengthened.—James Luby, 11 years old, was drowned in Spectacle pond, Lincoln, R. I., while swimming.—A banquet and reception was tendered the supreme officers of the Pilgrim Fathers by Hope Lodge at Springfield, Mass.—Thomas Clark and his daughter, Katie Clark, were thrown from a carriage by a runaway horse at Ware, Mass., and badly injured.—Jessie May, a 7-year-old child, was fatally burned at Houndsville, Mass. Her clothes caught fire from a bonfire and were burned entirely from her body.—A pack pedler, name unknown, was struck by the White mountain express on the Consolidated road near Millville, Ill., and instantly killed.—Charles E. Gorman has been appointed district attorney for Rhode Island.—A rumor is afoot that Jose Correia has confessed that he murdered Bertha Manchester.—The defense will claim that Correto, the New Bedford (Mass.) murderer, is insane.—John Duffy probably fatally shot his wife and killed himself at Lowell, Mass. Major Pickering of Montclair, N. J., is dead. He was born in Canada 63 years ago, and graduated from the Massachusetts hospital as a physician. He was on General Butler's staff during the war. The dead is announced in Paris of Alfred Dureel, director of the Musée du Cluny and an admired art historian. He was born June 4, 1815, at Rouen.

Sunday, June 11.

Train robbers held up the west-bound California express on the Atchison road, and robbed the express car—Denton won the \$20,000 Eclipse race at Morris Park—Gardner won the single scull race at Austin, Tex.—Ex-Congressman Frederick T. Greenhalge will be the commencement orator at Princeton academy, Derry, N. H.—At a reunion of the First Connecticut heavy artillery at Putnam, S. H. Colvin was chosen president and E. C. Dow secretary-treasurer.—Secretary Carlisle has extended the minimum limit of the department examination (89 per cent) applied to chiefs of divisions, to applicants for appointment as special agents of the treasury department.—Mrs. Frank Leslie is freed from William C. K. Wilde, her recently acquired English husband. Judge Brown granted her absolute divorce.—Captain Sylvanus N. Staples, head of the Staples coal company of Tanton, Mass., died in his 82d year. He was one of the best known freighters and navigators of New England.—Austin Lavelley, aged 60, was killed by an east-bound Boston and Albany express in Worcester, Mass. He was dead and did not beat the train.—Michael Corney, aged 50 years, was drowned at High Bridge, Jamesport, Mass. He was alive when taken from the water, but died in an hour.—State Secretary J. B. Cook of the Connecticut Young Men's Christian association has accepted the call to become secretary of Bridgeport's association.—The body of Harry Holcomb, a nephew of ex-Mayor Holcomb of New Haven, who together with Albert Holt was drowned three weeks ago, has been recovered.—The burning of the Bay State House at Worcester, Mass., will not affect the proceedings of the New England waterworks convention, to be held in that city, beginning Wednesday.

Monday, June 12.

The first salt mackerel fares of this season arrived at Gloucester, Mass., schooners Lizzie Maud and Eddie Davison. The former sold her fare by telegraph to Debnuts & Daggett of Boston for \$13.50 per barrel.—Rev. E. B. Haskell, pastor of the South Baptist church, Worcester, Mass., has resigned.—Rev. Charles S. Murkland, pastor of the First Congregational church at Manchester, N. H., read his letter of resignation to accept the presidency of the New Hampshire college of agriculture and mechanic arts at Durham.—An Italian employed in a quarry at Georgetown, Conn., was drowned in a pond at Canons Station, while in bathing.—Thomas O'Connor, a horticulturist at Rockville, Conn., while fastening a horse in a box stall, the horse threw him to the floor and stamped upon his breast, crushing in the breast bone.—The International Typographical union of North America is in session at Chicago.—At Middletown, Conn., Alfred and Emily Bergstan, aged 14 and 11 years, were bathing in the Connecticut river. The younger was unable to swim, and the older, trying to save him, was himself drowned.—The postoffice at Middletown, Mass., was broken into and the safe cracked and riddled—between \$18 and \$20, together with \$2 worth of stamps. The burglars overlooked about \$90 worth of postage stamps.—The Grand Prix de Paris was won yesterday. Baron A. De Schickler's bay colt, Rigotoux, came in first.—Montreal's ancient stone Presbyterian church, built in 1723, and adjoining buildings were burned. Loss \$40,000.—Secretary Hoke Smith, accompanied by the members of his family, has gone to Virginia beach for a few days of quiet.—General James A. Hall of Damarscotha died of apoplexy, aged 57. He was universally respected and did gallant service throughout the war.—The corrected average time of the Machine is 15.61 knots.—A shoe factory at West Newbury, Mass., was burned.

Tuesday, June 13.

The southern roads are now cutting world's fair rates.—Brazilian rebels defeated by government troops—The Italian government proposes to add \$10,000,000 to its revenue by monopolizing the insurance business of the country.—President Garfield is reported ill—James

Gordon Bennett is in a boat—Duke Maximilian Emanuel of Bavaria is dead.—Five hundred men from the State naval blower works at Boston have gone out on strike in the nine-hour cause—Thomas Sexton is not to retire from the British parliament.—A Union line freighter is adrift on the rocks on the Canary Islands.—Excise Commissioner Peck of New York escaped trial by going to Europe.—Edward A. Moore, a medical student, was drowned while out sailing in Ipswich bay.

A majority of the members of congress seem to favor the repeal of the Sherman silver law.—Officers have had another fight with the Cossacks in California; one of the bandits was killed.—The ownership of the Irish fund in Paris is almost certain to be decided by the courts.—A Mexican (Mast) minister is held for trial at Lewiston, Me., for adultery.—A 6-year-old boy was run over by a wagon at the South End of Boston and was killed.—William Hogan of Boston was run over by a team, from which he fell in Chelsea, and killed.—The judge refused to admit the testimony of Lizzie Borden at the inquest at the trial.—The accounts of John W. Mitchell, the missing secretary of the Maine People's prohibition league, are said to be all straight.—Two men were killed and two injured by a boiler explosion at Putnamville, Vt.—A Connecticut woman attempted to commit suicide by hurling herself.—A. J. Crosby of Attleboro, Mass., and his companion were struck by an eagle and seriously injured.—There was a great demonstration at Bath (Me.) over the return of the gunboat Maclay.—The agent of the Pepperell and Lincoln mills at Biddeford, Me., has refused the strikers' demand for increased wages.—The strike situation at Lemont, Ill., is still critical. Work is to be resumed under a military guard.—John Sontag, tramp bandit, was mortally wounded and captured; Chris Evans, his companion, was also shot.

Wednesday, June 14.

Destructive forest fires are raging at Creede, Colo.—Cholera is spreading in France and Russia.—There is no likelihood of a reduction of rates to Chinese at present.—The health of some of the Irish political prisoners has improved.—The proposed administrative reform for Cuba is generally approved.—Eight hundred Russian Jews are soon to sail from Liverpool for the United States.—Three workers were killed and several injured in a fire in a sweater shop in New York.—There was a disastrous fire at Waldoboro, Me. Ten buildings were burned; loss \$900 to \$63,000.—Secretary Gresham sees little use in agitating for clemency in the cases of Irish political prisoners.—The Marquis of Salisbury charges that Gladstone is understanding the imperial structure by his home rule operations.

Moses Latvalen, aged 8, was drowned in the south canal at Lawrence, Mass.—The wife of Salmon Falls (N. H.) man and a man said to be a miser were arrested at Lowell, Mass.—Augustus B. Farther was probably fatally assaulted at Low, N. H., by James and Albert Jameson.—Steamer Winthrop was burned at Eastport, Me.—A motion was made for the discharge of Dr. Graves.—Heavy defalcations were discovered in the Irving Savings Institution, New York city.—Herbert Beale who struck by lightning at Yarmouth Island, Me., and instantly killed—About one-quarter of the spinners who struck at the old Everett mills at Lawrence, Mass., last week have returned to work.—Expert testimony in the Borden trial at New Bedford, Mass., shows no trace of blood on clothing or hatchets.—Evans and Sontag, the California outlaws, were captured after being severely wounded.—The viking ship has arrived at New London, Conn.

Thursday, June 15.

The village of Alba, Mich., was destroyed by fire.—There is a dangerous break in the levee at Baton Rouge, La.—The home rule bill may be passed by the last of July.—A marked improvement in winter wheat is shown.—A new Japan-Australia steamer line has been established.—Thomas Sexton has formally withdrawn his resignation from parliament.—An evening Democratic paper newspaper is to be issued in Boston about July 1.—French authorities say they do not anticipate a wide spread cholera epidemic.—China retaliates for the Geary exclusion act by an embargo on American oil.—Six endowment companies now doing business must make returns to Commissioner Merrill of Massachusetts prior to being wound up.—The Massac inserts Sons of Veterans are in annual session at New Bedford, Mass.—Rioting is reported among the disaffected mill operatives at Biddeford, Me.—Settlement of the strike is now in sight.—The pope gave an audience to Dr. McGlynn.—Ship Captain of Maine was seized by steamship Service; two men lost, and others save themselves—Colonel George R. Cushing was applied for the captaincy of Boston.—An attempt was made to assassinate Colonel Cushing of the Corps Christi and South American railway in Texas.—Two persons were killed and several fatally injured in a railroad collision at Butler, I. T.—An incautious killed four children and then herself near Pleasant Hill, W. Va.—An appeal has been filed for subscriptions to afford a new music hall in Boston, \$24,000 being needed.—Nothing has been heard from Dr. Walker, who is a prisoner among the Sioux Indians in Minnesota.—Judge McConell of Cleveland says that a corporation which is a mixture of a trust is itself a body as the trust itself.—The trial of defender Pigeon is coming to Boston after the final verdict is given.

Dr. McGlynn Heard From.

CONCORD, N. H., June 14.—Cyrus Augustus B. Farmer, a well-known citizen and police officer of Bow, who attempted to arrest James Jameson, was struck on the head by a heavy billet of wood by his brother, Albert Jameson, since which time he has been unconscious, and fears are entertained that he will die. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of both Jamesons. Albert has disappeared.

Friday, June 16.

The brothers of Grace Allen, the missing Somerville (Mass.) girl, know of no reason for her leaving home.—Two colored men at Newton, Mass., claim to have been swindled by means of stories of mythical legacies.—A blow will be aimed at the whisky trust by an attempt to annul the charters of the individual companies.—Pope Leo is said to contemplate a compromise between the Catholic factions in America on the school question.—James and Albert Jameson, in jail at Concord, N. H., may be charged with the murder of Augustus Farmer of Bow.—Boston Master Matthew has issued an appeal to the citizens of Boston to co-operate with the authorities in their precautions against cholera.—The Wright brothers were standing under a tree at Adrian, Mich., when lightning hit four of them, and injured the other two slightly.—It is rumored that the Boston Manufacturing company is to open a factory at Santa Framingham, Mass.—Thomas Cox of Fall River, Mass., 33 years of age, committed suicide. He was a laborer.—President Carter's life is to be lived to the full.—The trials at Mecca are as serious.—Chester Levee at Mecca are at the rate of 70 per day.—The report of the American banknotes were landed at N. Caragana is denied.—A train was derailed by wreckers at Corson Hill, Alton, and the engineer killed.—The Connecticut homicide trial postponed the trial at New Bedford, Mass., of Lizzie Borden, previously at an adjournment for an hour yesterday. Lawyer Jenkins pleaded her case.—A Jewish pedlar turned up who said he saw a woman coming from the barn in the morning, thus proving Lizzie guilty.—The Sons of Veterans at New Bedford, Mass., elected officers yesterday for the ensuing year.—Dr. H. A. Chapman of Lowell, Mass., was stabbed in five places in his rooms at 182 Merrimac street, and is now at St. John's hospital under the influence of ether. His assailant was arrested.

Saturday, June 17.

The southern roads are now cutting world's fair rates.—Brazilian rebels defeated by government troops—The Italian government proposes to add \$10,000,000 to its revenue by monopolizing the insurance business of the country.—President Garfield is reported ill—James

THE BORDEN TRIAL.**Synopsis of Each Day's Proceedings In the Case.**

Officers Contradict Themselves in Relation to the Mandeville Matches—Lizzie's Testimony at the Inquest Is Excluded.—NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 10.—Yesterday was ex-Governor Robinson's trial day in the Borden trial. The keen, clever and wily lawyer made incrimination of the evidence of the police officers, tangling them up by his cross-examination, until neither they nor the spectators seemed to know where they were. Officer Mullaly swore that in the box with the hatchet head, which he and Deputy Marshal Fleet found in the chimney in the Borden cellar, Mr. Fleet also found a hatchet handle, with a new break, corresponding to that in the stump in the hatchet head. Deputy Marshal Fleet was recalled, and denied that any hatchet handle or piece of wood was found in or about the box in which the hatchet head was discovered.—George C. Petty gave important evidence as to the condition of Mrs. Borden's body when found, tending to show that her death had taken place some time before her husband's. Captain Doherty testified that Lizzie Borden wore on the morning of the crime a light blue dress.

In Favor of Lizzie.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 12.—Controversy seized upon the counsel for the commonwealth in the Borden case and the jurymen were amazed when policemen contradicted each other in their testimony relative to the now famous hatchet handle. The evidence begins to look decidedly in Miss Borden's favor, as it is believed to be difficult to prove that she was strong enough to chop two persons to death.

Lizzie's Testimony Shut Out.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 13.—An immensely important ruling was made in the Borden case when the court decided that Lizzie's statements at the inquest cannot be used again, and the prosecution was fully baffled in its attempt to introduce the records. The court's reason was that the defendant spoke as one in custody, and her statement, therefore, was not voluntary. The decision marks the turning of the tide in Lizzie Borden's favor.

No Blood.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 14.—Medical experts' testimony figured in the proceedings in the Borden trial yesterday. They yielded no clue to the crime, as they were unable to find that the spots on the axes were from rust. Lizzie's garments passed the ordeal. One suspicious blot was found on her skirt, but the spot was not what it seemed. On the white, the testimony afforded the prosecution but little aid in the case.

Against Lizzie.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 15.—A visitor's shadow was cast on Lizzie Borden when her lawyer sought to shut out a drug clerk's testimony concerning the purchasing of prussic acid, the court deciding that the testimony should be admitted. A dressmaker swore that Lizzie had called her stepmother "a good-for-nothing thing." Police Matron Heenan told of the quarrel in a cell between the two sisters and adhered to her "you gave me away" story.

Lizzie's Trial.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 16.—For an hour Lawyer Jennings pleaded Lizzie Borden's case yesterday and she had her second good try before the public. Witnesses for the defense were hurried along with his or her little story. A pillar saw a woman coming from the barn on the fatal morning. Two boys testified to being in the barn left before the arrival of Officer Medley, who swore that he failed to find footprints in the dust.

Prohibitory Final Assult.

CONCORD, N. H., June 14.—Cyrus Augustus B. Farmer, a well-known citizen and police officer of Bow, who attempted to arrest James Jameson, was struck on the head by a heavy billet of wood by his brother, Albert Jameson, since which time he has been unconscious, and fears are entertained that he will die. A warrant has been issued for the arrest of both Jamesons. Albert has disappeared.

POISONOUS POISONS.

HAVEYVILLE, Mass., June 16.—Five members of a family by the name of Cross, residing at Riverside, were taken strangely ill with symptoms of poisoning. An investigation disclosed the probable cause of poison to be paris green taken into the stomach by eating new potatoes. The victims will recover.

Have Found the Manchester Watch.

FALL RIVER, June 14.—It is stated that the police have found the missing gold watch which was stolen from Bertha Manchester on the morning she was murdered. It is intimated that they have connected it directly with Correiro, the Portuguese under arrest charged with the killing.

Probably Fatally Injured in a Row.

GLoucester, Mass., June 15.—A constable and Charles Vest had some trouble at Rockport, which resulted in an assault made by Hermanzen on Vest. Vest's head was badly crushed. He will probably die. Hermanzen got away and is still at large.

Horsehoers Get Nine Hours.

BOSTON, June 12.—The Boston Master Horsehoers' Association held a large meeting yesterday. It was reported that the nine hours a day demand of the men had failed to be met at the regular salary.

Mystery Deep as Ever.

DEBDHAM, Mass., June 12.—No new developments are reported in the Jacob Little murder case. The story of two suspects turns out to be without foundation.

Quarriaman Killed.

PORTLAND, Conn., June 13.—Daniel Hickey, aged 65 years, was killed yesterday by a falling rock in the Shaler & Hall quarry.

Gilted From Starvation.

SALEM, Mass., June 13.—The body of an unknown man was found in a cellar on York street yesterday afternoon. It is understood that he died of starvation.

Body Recovered After Many Days.

MONTPELIER, Vt., June 13.—The body of Robert C. Chapman of Lowell, Mass., was recovered from five places in his rooms at 182 Merrimac street, and is now at St. John's hospital under the influence of ether. His assailant was arrested.

Jewelers.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 17, 1891.

162 THAMES STREET.

New Advertisements.**IMPROVEMENTS TO****Houses and Grounds**

of Newport Cottages, Illustrated.

GERMAN TRAINING SHIP
ILLUSTRATED.**Politics & Society**
IN THE**SUMMER CAPITOL.**

SEE THE

Providence Sunday Journal.

of JUNE 4, at

CLARKE'S,

Free Library Building.

CLOTHING!**CLOTHING!****New Goods Just Received.****BLACK CLAY****Cheviot Suits.****BLUE****Serge Suits.****BLUE****Flannel Suits.****BLACK CLAY****Diagonal Suits.****FANCY****Cassimere Suits**

A full line of the above suits for men and youths just received. We have the largest line of FANCY SHIRTS ever shown in this city.

Our stock of

STRAW HATS

larger and finer than we ever showed.

J. E. Seabury,

218 & 220 Thames-st.

For Sale.

A very attractive

FARM

—OR—

SEVENTY-FIVE ACRES,

AT A—

Household Fancy Work.

Chest Protector.

The material required are two ounces of white or red Saxony yarn or wool and two medium-sized bone knitting needles.

Cast on 80 stitches and knit 100 rows plain, increasing one stitch at the beginning of every row.

Now you will have 180 stitches on the needle; knit these plain for 104 rows, without increasing or decreasing.

In the next 4 rows decrease one stitch on the end of each row; you now have 180 stitches.

Now begin the shoulder straps on the right side, where are placed two buttonholes. Knit plain on the first 20 stitches 16 rows, and narrow one stitch every other row for the neck, to shape it for the neck.

Knit the 12 remaining stitches plain for 24 rows, then knit the buttonholes, then:

1st row—Knit 2, narrow, over twice, narrow, narrow, over twice, narrow, knot 2.

2d row—Knit 4, pur 1, knit 3, pur 1, knit 3.

Cast off, and knit the other straps in the same way, excepting the two rows for buttonholes, which are knit plain.

Now pick up the 70 stitches between the straps and under the neck, and also the inside stitches of the straps.

1st row—Plain.

2d row—Like first row.

3d row—Plain.

4th row—Plain.

5th row—(2) Narrow, over; repeat from (2) to end of row.

6th row—Plain.

7th row—Plain.

There are little tabs to be worked under the arm for sewing on the strips of ribbon to be tied in front after crocheting in the back.

Knit up 32 stitches on the straight edge formed by the 104 plain rows. Work these 32 stitches plain and narrow one stitch at the beginning of each row until there are but six stitches left; then cast off and work the same on the opposite side for the other tab. Sew on the ribbon or tape, long enough to cross on the back and tie in front. A narrow crocheted edging can be worked all round.—[N. Y. Tribune].

Reciped for the Table.

CONSOMME.—Cut one pound of lean beef from the round into small pieces; add one pound of chicken bones. Cover with cold water and stand on the back of the stove where it will slowly heat. Let it come to boiling point, then simmer for four hours. Then add two slices of onion, a bay leaf, sprig of parsley, slice of carrot and piece of celery. Let simmer one hour longer. Strain and stand away to cool. When cold remove the fat carefully from the surface. If the soup is not perfectly clear and color as directed for bouillon.

BROILED SHAD.—Split your shad down the back, wash it and season it well with salt. Have your gridiron heated, grease the bars, put on the shad and broil it slowly till quite done. It should be of a fine brown on both sides. If designed for the dinner table, after having broiled it well with butter on both sides, fold it over, that it may assume its original form, and serve it.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Pour enough boiling water on two cups of Indian meal to wet, add one-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, a pinch of salt, two cups of milk, one-half cup of molasses and one cup of seed raisins. Flavor with cinnamon and nutmeg. Bake three hours and serve with cream.

TURKISH SHERBET.—Boil two cups of granulated sugar with three-fourths of a pint of water to a clear syrup; skim carefully, and when cold stir into it three-fourths of a pint of strained lemon juice and one cup of clear white stock.

PLAIN APPLE PUDDING.—One pound of the mashed apples, a quarter of a pound of butter, sugar to the taste, six eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a nutmeg, brandy or rose water to the taste. Peel the apples, cut them in slices, and stew them in a very little water till they are tender. Mash them fine, and while they are hot add the butter. Set them away to cool. Beat the eggs, and when the apples are cold add the eggs and sugar, liquor and spices. Cover your pie plates with plain paste, fill them and bake in a moderate oven.

Managing English Farms.

Mr. W. J. Harris gives a most helpful and interesting account of the half-will man estate. This was poor land and much of it was untouched for long periods, being treated as a summer pasture for cattle. The investor, Mr. Harris was tempted at first to do what at that time was generally done by landlords—consolidate farms, pull down old cottages, and in fact generally reduce the available population and labor on the land.

Several farms fell in soon after Mr. Harris' purchase of the estate, but he was "converted" by observing that, where the landlord or the farming tenant had allowed the cottagers to cultivate the land immediately around them, the value of the land had been doubled by the laborer without indeed any guarantee of permanent residence.

Instead of destroying, the new landlord built and repaired, and having farms on his hands was enabled to cut off certain fields and allot them to cottagers. Small farms grew up and the larger ones were reduced. Thus land was let that otherwise would not have been—moorland inclosures, for instance—and it was on these that the value of the system made itself at once apparent.

Land not valued at more than five shillings per acre in its rough state became, when meadow land, worth from thirty to fifty shillings, and as the cottages were in demand the population increased, and farmers knowing that land could always be obtained took the large farms, reduced though they were. Wages have risen from ten and eleven shillings to twelve and fourteen shillings per week.

Mr. Harris says he made the mistake of working his vacant farms with bailiffs, thinking, as the land was in low condition, he might do it better than a tenant. But, as he says, it is the laborer who knows best and who succeeds, provided he has not more land than he can manage. One of these small holders now has fifty acres and gives occasional employment.

One secret of the small farmer's success is that one man works on his farm for no wages at all, and that is the farmer himself. The small farmers help each other, and they seldom let a crop stand too late or get behindhand, as is the fashion with some misguided men, who undermap their large farms and depend on outside labor for chronic emergencies. The harm that a large landowner can do by farming meanly is incalculable.—[London Review].

An Easy Method.

Bulger—Say, Spyker! Do you know how many glasses of beer there are in a keg?

Spyker—No.

Bulger—Do you know how I can find out?

Spyker—Certainly. Keep account of the number you drink some day.

A Famous Quaker Maiden.

Dolly was the second of the six children and was named after her mother's aunt, Mrs. Patrick Henry. She was a bright, pretty child, whose interesting chatter and whining ways won hosts of friends.

Her parents, who were members of the Society of Friends, in accordance with their religion, denied their children all ornaments and accomplishments save those of "a meek and gentle spirit."

Until she was 12 years old Dolly lived quietly in the country and attended the village school where most of her education was received. Every morning before starting out her sambonet was sewed securely under her chin by her strict mother and with the addition of a white linen mask to all further protect her complexion and to keep her little figure.

Very fond of pretty things, her grandmother, with whom she was a great pet, often made her presents of old fashioned jewelry, which, not being allowed to visibly wear, she sewed into a little bag and wore around her neck under her gown.

Her father was one of the first of his race in Virginia to become doubtful of slavery, and his scruples finally led him to liberate his slaves, sell his plantation and remove to Philadelphia. Here he engaged in business, but as his efforts proved unsuccessful, after several years the family became very much reduced in circumstances.

In the meantime Dolly had been growing daily in grace and beauty. At 16 she was tall and slender, with a "delicate oval" face, well formed features, "dazzlingly fair" complexion and blue eyes of "much sweetness under her demure Quaker cap."

John Todd, a wealthy, good looking young lawyer of the same religion, soon fell a victim to her charms and made her an offer of marriage which she declined, saying she never intended to marry. Hearing of her refusal her father, who was ill at the time, immediately summoned her to his side and told her it was his greatest wish to see her well provided for before he died, that it would make him very unhappy if she persisted in her refusal, so like a dutiful daughter she reversed her decision and became the wife of John Todd.

A school inspector having a few minutes to spare after examining the school put a few questions on the common subjects in the schoolroom. "What is the use of that?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room, and a dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulations: "Please sir, it's to hide master's bogy!"

Lady of the house (to tramp asking for a bite)—Can you saw wood?

Tramp—No, I was taught to say,

"Can you see wood," or "I see wood," but "I can saw wood" is bad grammar, and I don't use that expression.

"Please, sir, it was 0.20 when you got here. When we're late, you always keep us after school," said the smart boy.

"Very well," said the schoolmaster, "you shall all stay and keep me after school for an hour."

A school inspector having a few minutes to spare after examining the school put a few questions on the common subjects in the schoolroom. "What is the use of that?" he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room, and a dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulations: "Please sir, it's to hide master's bogy!"

Successful farmer—Son George got some sense during that foreign tour anyhow.

Wife—I hasn't seen it.

"I have. You know he spent a good while in Lunnon, as he calls it."

"Yes, and I'd like to know what good it did."

"Use y'r eyes, Miranda. He learned to turn up his pants when it rained."

The regiment was drawn up for church parade, but the church could not accommodate them all. "Sergeant-major?" ordered the colonel. "Tell all the men who don't want to go to church to fall out on the reverse flank." A large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privilege. "Now, sergeant-major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out, and march the others off to church—they need it most."

Mrs. Strongmind (about to start to the Exposition grounds)—Let me see. Here are the wraps; here's the lunch-basket; here's the opera glass, and here's the bundle of umbrellas. I guess we've got everything, and yet—children, we haven't forgotten anything, have we?

Husband and father (standing weekly at the horses' heads)—Shall I get in now, my dear?

Mrs. Strongmind—Why, sure enough, James, I knew there was something lacking.

The Liars' club was in session and a certain New York drummer, noted for his extravagance, has been called on for his contribution to the evening's stories. He had a carefully prepared manuscript, for this was to be the effort of his life. He went down into his pockets for it and came out with a handful of paper.

"What's all that?" inquired the chairman in alarm.

"Don't worry," was the reassuring reply, "those are only receipts bills," "Receipted bills," the chairman gasped. "Harr," he said, "take the medal you needn't tell anything more."

The following story is told of Mark Twain by a gentleman who lived near his residence at Hartford: One day Mark answered the telephone, and, after hallooing for some time without an answer, he used some language not generally seen in print, but which was certainly picturesque. While thus engaged he heard an answer in astonished tones, and recognized the voice of an eminent divine whom he knew very well. "Is that you, doctor?" questioned Mark; "I didn't hear what you said. My butler has been at the telephone and said he couldn't understand you."

But there is a phase of the matter that has escaped the critical masculine attention. These same women who may accept tickets and candy and car fare and lunches at the hands of men with no oppressive sense of obligation whatever have a very different feeling when another woman pays the bill. For some mysterious reason they cannot bear to be indebted to other women. "What do you think of this?" said a well-known Indianapolis lady a day or two ago. "I was on an Illinois street car, and next to me was Mrs. — with her arms, and a shopping-bag full of packages. The conductor was coming, and she was about to lay down her bundle and explore the depths of her bag for a nickel, so to save trouble I paid her fare. She thanked me, and I thought nothing more of it till this evening, when her servant came to my door and handed me five cents which Mrs. — said she owed me. For a moment I felt dreadfully insulted and was on the point of sending back a sharp message, but I reflected that she probably meant no offense. But if she had paid my fare I would have dreamed of returning it, and what would she have thought of me? Just think of a man sending a message to his neighbor to pay a 5-cent street car debt! Certainly we women are run 'creetures.'"

Instead of destroying, the new landlord built and repaired, and having farms on his hands was enabled to cut off certain fields and allot them to cottagers. Small farms grew up and the larger ones were reduced. Thus land was let that otherwise would not have been—moorland inclosures, for instance—and it was on these that the value of the system made itself at once apparent.

Land not valued at more than five shillings per acre in its rough state became, when meadow land, worth from thirty to fifty shillings, and as the cottages were in demand the population increased, and farmers knowing that land could always be obtained took the large farms, reduced though they were. Wages have risen from ten and eleven shillings to twelve and fourteen shillings per week.

Mr. Harris says he made the mistake of working his vacant farms with bailiffs, thinking, as the land was in low condition, he might do it better than a tenant. But, as he says, it is the laborer who knows best and who succeeds, provided he has not more land than he can manage. One of these small holders now has fifty acres and gives occasional employment.

One secret of the small farmer's success is that one man works on his farm for no wages at all, and that is the farmer himself. The small farmers help each other, and they seldom let a crop stand too late or get behindhand, as is the fashion with some misguided men, who undermap their large farms and depend on outside labor for chronic emergencies.

The harm that a large landowner can do by farming meanly is incalculable.—[London Review].

Not a Substitute.

When orange marmalade was first introduced, it was quite extensively advertised as an "excellent substitute for butter." A New Haven fishwife, seeing the advertisement, thought she would try a jar of the article. Next morning she presented herself to the shopkeeper in a state of great wrath. "You bold villain!" she exclaimed; "what did ye mean by selling me that stuff last night? I nearly poisoned our John wit!"

"Hoo was that, ma'am?" "Hoo was that, ma'am?" "Hoo was that, ma'am?"

"Well, then, I used some o't to fry a bit of fish wi', and it made us a' sick as caddies!"—[Tit-Bits].

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Business Cards.

M. A. McCormick,
Carpenter and Builder

All kinds of jobbing promptly
attended to. Estimated charges
fully given.

RESIDENCE—IN DEARWELL STREET,
SHOP—KELLEY'S WHARF.

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DEALER IN
FURNITURE
ON ALL DESCRIPTIONS, ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker
Caskets, Coffins, Roses, &c.,
BURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE,

16 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.
Residence, No. 1 School St.

Alex. N. Barker,
DEALER IN

Lumber & HardWare
BRICK, LIME, CEMENT, ETC.,
205 THAMES ST.

—AND—
LOPEZ WHARF,
NEWPORT, R. I.

Removal,
LAW OFFICES

PECKHAM & TYLER,
ROOMS 10-10 Trinity Building, 111 Broad-
way, New York City.
(Near Wall Street.)
Telephone Call, "3,963 Courtlandt." 6-133

J. D. JOHNSTON,
Architect & Builder,

Plans and Estimates furnished on application:
General Jobbing, Masonry, Tiling and Sheet Work
executed with dispatch.

Shop 53 Mill St. Office 10 Pelham St.
P.O. Box 161. Residence 106 Church St.
3-14

ORANGES.
DATES,
F I G S .
Nuts.

At the very lowest possible prices.

Also

Canaries

—AND—

Brass Cages.

W.F. Williamson,

206 Thames Street.

February Sale.

My entire stock of
FRAMED PICTURES,
WALL POCKETS, EASELS,
PICTURE FRAMES, &c., &c.,
at 25 to 50 per cent. discount,
during this month.

W. H. ARNOLD,

12 Broadway.

Furniture.
A NEW LINE OF
CARPETS
AT—
M. Cottrell's.
NEW STYLES IN
Chamber Furniture
VIEW LINEN
PAPER HANGINGS
Furniture of all Descriptions,
Carpets, Oil Cloths and
Matting.

M. COTTRELL,
COTTRELL BLOCK,
Next to the Post Office.

CLOSING OUT!

Baby Carriages
—AT—

Brver's
Furniture Rooms,
196 THAMES STREET.

Chamber Suits,
Mattresses,
Feather Pillows,
J. W. MORTON & CO.'S,
42 CHURCH ST.
UPHOLSTERING
—AND—
MATTRESS WORK,
in all its branches.

New Carpets

Wall Papers.

We are daily receiving new carpets
and wall papers and are pre-
pared to show a
fine line of

New Patterns.

Prices as low as
Anywhere.

W. C. Cozzens & Co.,

138 Thames St.

Grapes

—AT—

T. E. Sherman's

122 BROADWAY.

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W. H. ARNOLD,

12 Broadway.

HILL'S REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE
and invite the most
careful investigation as to our responsibility
and the merits of our Tablets.

Read our TESTIMONIALS

Double Chloride of Gold Tablets

Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 3 to 6 days. Perfectly harm-

less, non-narcotic, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowl-

edge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.

The patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.

can be cured at home, and with-
out any effort on the part of

the patient, the free use of Liquor or Mor-

phine until such time as they shall voluntarily give it up.

We send particular and pamphlets to all friends, and shall

be glad to place numbers of these tablets in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all FIRST-CLASS

DRUGGISTS at \$1.00 per package.

If your druggist does not keep them, enclose \$1.00,
and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our

Tablets.

Write your name and address plainly, and state
which tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or
Opium Hall.

DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing

any of the various imitation's that are being

offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S

TABLETS and take no other.

Manufactured only by

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,

61, 63 & 65 Opera Block,

LIMA, OHIO.

PARTICULARS

FREE.

+ RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,

61, 63 and 65 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.

Address all Orders to

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN.—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy drinker, and would smoke from ten to twenty pipes of tobacco a day, and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me in three weeks. I am now a non-smoker, and the work in less than three weeks. Truly yours, MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 43.

DODGE, FENWY, N. Y.

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I have used morphine, hydromorphone, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of

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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

JAMESTOWN.

Miss Mattie Cottrell is visiting Miss Vanderveer at Westbury, L. I.

Mrs. M. J. Newcomb of New York is at the Bay View House.

Mr. Jerome Potter of Providence is at Hotel Thordike.

Mr. U. P. Frisch opened his ice cream and confectionery store on Tuesday.

Steamer Jamestown, which has been undergoing repairs at the Old Colony dock, Newport, west on the West Ferry lines Thursday.

Recent arrival at Hotel Thordike include Mrs. Thomas D. Robinson and Miss Robinson of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. C. V. E. Galloway of New York and General Patterson and daughter of Philadelphia; and at the Bay View Mrs. A. E. Lahens, Miss M. A. Lahens and Mr. P. P. Lahens of New York.

The family of Dr. Putnam of Boston are here for the season.

Wm. M. Cory of Providence, Mrs. M. L. Key of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Y. B. Rice and Mr. A. W. Rice of Boston are at the Gardner House.

Mr. T. P. Stokes and family of Philadelphia have arrived at the Peckham cottage on Howland avenue for the season.

Mr. Joseph Wharton of Philadelphia has arrived for the season.

Mrs. C. H. Griffith of New York and Miss Emily Townsend of Baltimore are at the Champfle House.

TIVERTON.

Gentlemen Fox Hunt and Caravans, Lady Performers and Horse saddle Experts. PERFORMING WILD BEAST DISPLAY.

Band Quartet, Drawn by Ten Horses. Open Den of Five Tigers and Trainer. Open Den of Four Lions and Trainer. Open Den of Five Leopards and Trainer. Open Den of Four Panthers and Trainer. Open Den of Four Bears and Trainer. Open Den of Four Hyenas and Trainer. Open Den of Five Wolves and Trainer.

HISTORICAL GROUPS.

Tuberton Cat, Drawn by Six Horses. Living Tableau, Landing of the Pilgrims. Living Tableau, Capt. Smith and Pocahontas. Living Tableau, Little Red Riding Hood. Living Tableau, Signer's Declaration of Independence. Living Tableau, Washington's Inauguration.

HIPPODROME AND ZOOLOGICAL.

Bal Chariot, Enterpe, Drawn by Ten Horses. Mounted Ladies of the Hippodrome. Gentleman Hippopotamus. Three Teams of Indian Standing Racers. Two Elephants with Lions and Oriental Beauties.

Curious of Twelve Performing Elephants. Dromedaries with Asiatic Horses. Dragon Chariot with Lions and Camels. Troop of Elephants Performing.

FAIRY TALES AND NURSERY RHYMES.

Musical Chariot Drawn by Six Horses. All Fairies and Fairy Tales. Nursery Rhymes Illustrated. Tops and Games. Blue Beard.

Furs in Boots.

The Sleeping Beauty.

Beauty and the Beast.

Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp.

ARABIAN NIGHTS STORIES AND FABLES.

Chariot of India Drawn by Ten Horses. Column of Lions of Twenty Pieces. Cinderella's Fairy Coach.

Blue Beard and His Curious Wife.

Old Woman who lived in a Shoe.

Santa Claus and His Reindeer Sleigh.

Little Red Riding Hood.

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.

Mother Goose. Steam Calops.

Another move in the Graves case was made Tuesday, when Judge Macon appeared before Judge Sumner and presented a motion for the discharge of Dr. Graves, on the ground that two terms of court had passed without his being tried. The motion recites that the defendant was indicted for murder during the May term of 1890 and appeared in court in January, 1893, ready to be tried. Then at the instance of the District Attorney the case was continued to the April term, and Monday was again continued to the September term, thus allowing two terms of court to pass without trial. Under the statutes of Colorado, a failure to try a criminal case within two terms of court entitles a defendant to his discharge. Eminent counsel, however, say this only applies to cases where bail is not given. Dr. Graves gave bail, they say, and therefore lost his rights under the law.

Mr. Calvert B. Cottrell, the well-known printing press manufacturer, died at his home in Westerly on Monday, after a brief illness with pneumonia. Mr. Cottrell was born in Westerly and at an early age learned the machinist's trade. He invented a number of labor-saving tools and machinery. In 1855 he became associated with Nathan Babcock in the manufacture of machinery and in 1863 began to make a specialty of printing presses. In 1880 he purchased Mr. Babcock's interest in the firm and took his three older sons into business with him under the firm name of C. B. Cottrell & Sons. Their establishment is one of the largest of its kind in the country and their printing presses are in use in every part of the country.

The Court of Cassation, on the appeal of Charles de Lesseps and the other defendants convicted of fraud in connection with the Panama Canal Company, handed down its decision Thursday, quashing the sentences on the ground that the statute of limitations covered the offence charged, and that the indictment on which the prisoners were tried was irregular. There were five defendants convicted in the trial, which ended on Feb. 9 last.—Ferdinand de Lesseps, his son Charles, Marius Fontaine, Henri Cotu and Gustave Eiffel,—all of whom are set at liberty by this decision.

Wednesday afternoon the officers of the Grecians were tendered a reception by Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt at "Rough Point," and in the evening a dinner party in their honor was given by Capt. and Mrs. Bunge at the War College.

The alterations and improvements to the Newport Opera House have been begun. The plans call for an additional gallery and a general remodeling of the whole interior of the building, at an expense, it is said, of \$17,500.

St. John's and St. Paul's lodges of Masons held a joint meeting last Monday evening. After the business of the meeting a collation was served and a social time enjoyed.

Mr. George Cozens, of Sandwich, Mass., is visiting his nephew, Mr. Wm. C. Cozens, on Howard avenue.

Mr. Joseph C. Coggeshall, formerly of this city, has been in town this week.

I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pains over my eyes. I used Dr. Beckham's Superphosphate. It apparently cured me.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

These remedies are to experiment.

Dr. Beckham's Superphosphate.

and other brands of Accredited Worth and High Standing.

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and other brands of Accredited Worth and High Standing.

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